

WANTS NOTED ABBEY

Chicago Woman Would Buy Ruins of Glastonbury.

KING ARTHUR'S BURIAL PLACE

Offer to Purchase Historic English Shrine Refused—Proposed to Employ It in Promoting Youthful International Order of Knights of Round Table—Despoiled by Henry VIII.

Correspondence of The Washington Herald.

London, Oct. 23.—America's chief drawback in the matter of attractions, according to English notions, is the lack of historic ruins. And because, despite their vast wealth, Americans cannot create them, they are supposed to long for them more than any other folk. Perhaps it is that feeling which recently inspired an American to make an offer for Glastonbury Abbey, one of the most ancient and renowned shrines of Christendom in the kingdom, and indelibly associated with the legend of King Arthur, which Tennyson has immortalized.

According to a real estate journal here, which is usually well informed, the offer has been refused. The paper adds that it would be extremely regrettable if the ruins should be allowed to pass into foreign hands, or into those of one who failed to realize his responsibilities.

Americans who visit England continually exhibit a keen interest in its historic ruins than do Englishmen themselves, who ordinarily show little zeal for their preservation. But when it is reported that an American wants to buy one, as in the case of Glastonbury Abbey, that particular ruin becomes immediately an object of great national interest, and protests are raised against subjecting it to the desecration and disgrace that would result from its possession by any one who did not owe allegiance to King Edward.

Chicago Woman Would Buy It.

If it were really a question of a realization of the responsibilities imposed by the ownership of what remains of Glastonbury Abbey, there would be small ground for any objection to the scheme proposed by Mrs. Isabel Inez de Gussman Garrison, of Chicago. She suggests that Glastonbury should become the joint possession of the Motherland and what Tennyson called "the great daughter of the West." On that basis, she says, she would guarantee to raise half its purchase price in America in a short time.

It seems she has established in America a boy Knighthood of the Round Table with a view to inculcating honor, loyalty, magnanimity, and other knightly virtues in lads whose everyday associations are not of an elevated character. At the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey are the shattered symbols of that ancient chivalry she wishes them to be associated with her youthful order of knight-errantry, which she hopes to see extended to England. She claims that the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey are the means of reforming many of the hoodlums of London. It is certainly a pretty idea, but the joint ownership scheme is hardly one that will appeal to the average Englishman. Since it was reported that an American wanted to buy Glastonbury Abbey, a movement has been started to buy it for the nation, and that is undoubtedly the plan that will meet with the warmest support here.

Origin Lost in Myths.

Glastonbury Abbey is situated in Somersetshire, some thirty-five miles south of Bristol. Its origin is lost in the myths of tradition. It is one of the earliest ecclesiastical foundations in England, and forms a tie between the Briton and the Englishman, the old Christianity and the new. The first church was a little walled building, and it was the fond belief of many centuries that it was erected by St. Joseph of Arimathea, who, according to his own supposition, had a resting place for the bones of the Saviour.

According to the story, he wandered westward to spread the light of faith, bearing with him the Holy Grail, which he took from the Holy Land, and which served him as a staff. It is said that he settled down in Glastonbury and there planted his staff, which grew into a tree that was honored by countless generations of pilgrims. He was buried there, according to the same story.

Celtic legend credits it with being the burial place of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere. It is the place of which Tennyson wrote:

The island valley of Avilion,
Where falls no hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever winds these hoar, but it lies
Deep-sundered, behind a low bay,
And heavy flocks crown'd with summer sea.

David of Minevia is said to have built a new church near the old one, about 546. The West Saxon king, Ine, added a monastery to it. Despoiled by the Danes, it was refounded about 845 by St. Dunstan. For the mortification of his flesh and the extinction of worldly vanity, St. Dunstan built for himself a cell in the abbey, five feet high and became bald, where he retired to pray and to see visions.

Seizes Satan by His Nose.

Here, also, he worked in metals, and it was while laboring at his forge there occurred, according to old chronicle, his famous temptation by the devil, which he ended by seizing the fiend by the nose with his red hot pincers. St. Dunstan was buried in the abbey, and it subsequently became the sepulchre of the Saxons, kings, Edmund, Edgar, and Edmund Ironsides.

It was the one church of the first rank that passed unscathed through the storm of the English conquest. There was not in the height of its fame a lordly foundation in all England than that of Glastonbury. Its revenues exceeded \$200,000 per annum, and in those days that was worth five in these times. It had seven great deer parks stocked with deer.

No one dared to set foot in the vale of Avalon where the abbey stood—not even a bishop or a prince—without the leave of my lord abbot.

There were 100 monks and 400 servants to look after them. They lived well, did those old monks. Of the ruins, the best preserved is the stone abbot's kitchen, thirty-three feet square and seventy-one feet high with four huge fireplaces.

When Henry VIII started suppressing and plundering monasteries, he made a clean sweep of Glastonbury, and hanged the mitered abbot with two of his monks on the top of Tor Hill. After that the place fell into decay and became a quarry of all the builders in the neighborhood. The ruins of the grand old abbey, which once covered sixty acres, are now comparatively scanty. But there still remains the roofless chapel of St. Joseph.

Rev. Dr. Voorsanger Here.

Rev. Dr. Jacob Voorsanger, the noted rabbi of San Francisco, arrived in Washington late yesterday afternoon after a trip through the South. Dr. Voorsanger is en route to Europe, where he has been sent by his congregation for the purpose of recuperation after his arduous duties in connection with his people and the Commonwealth of San Francisco since the great catastrophe. He will preach at the Eighth Street Temple on Friday night.

Herald Wants Ads

will be received at Taylor's drug store, 9th and P sts. NW, and promptly forwarded to the main office.

TRACES ORIGIN OF INDIAN.

New Book Is Being Prepared by the Smithsonian Institution.

Most interesting to all students of America will be the first volume of a work now being prepared under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution, and which, representing a quarter of a century of careful study and research by men most fitted to perform such service, will deal with the American Indian and his origin.

This is a subject which has interested the wise men of all nations since the days of Columbus, and is one on which few authorities agree. By some it is held that the Indian originally emigrated to this continent from Asia, either by way of Alaska or across a chain of islands which in prehistoric times are said to have stretched across the Pacific Ocean. Others, equally eminent, have disputed this theory, claiming that the Indian was indigenous to American soil, just as the negro was native to Africa, and the Mongol native to Asia.

The work in question goes into far-reaching detail in all such matters, including the Indian language and the different tongues of the respective tribes, comparing them with Japanese and Polynesian tongues. Much of this part of the work has been done by Prof. J. N. B. Hewitt, a recognized authority on the subject.

It is expected that the first volume will be issued before the end of the present year, and its appearance is awaited with intense interest by all who desire plausible theories and accurate information about the origin of the Red man—the real American.

MRS. GEORGIA JOHNSON DEAD

Prominent in Entertainment of the Spanish War Veterans.

Death Resulted from Typhoid Pneumonia Contracted When Encampment of Veterans Was Held.

Comrades of the United Spanish War Veterans and the ladies of the Lined Society, U. S. W. V., were shocked last evening to learn of the death of Mrs. Georgia B. Johnson, president of Washington Temple, No. 1, at her home, in this city, 1314 Sixteenth street northwest.

Mrs. Johnson's death was not altogether unexpected, as she had been ill for several weeks, and at last succumbed to typhoid pneumonia. She was enthusiastic in helping the other ladies of the Lined Society in their entertainment of visiting delegates and women during the recent national encampment of the U. S. W. V. As a matter of fact, she left a sick bed to take part in the reception at the Shoreham on the night of October 3, and aggravated her illness by a cold, which she sustained upon that occasion, and which developed into the fatal malady of which she died yesterday.

Mrs. Johnson's former home was in Michigan, and there her body will be taken after the funeral services, which will be held at the home, at 5 o'clock this afternoon. Owing to the brevity of the time intervening, it may be impossible for the Lined Society to attend in a body, but last night Mrs. Eliza V. Hodgson, wife of the chief ruler of the National Temple, Mrs. Lillian Capron, widow of Capt. Allyn Capron, of the Rough Riders, killed at Santiago, who was the first supreme ruler of the National Lined Society, Mrs. Leta A. Ferguson, supreme chief of records, and Mrs. J. W. Mitchell, wife of Capt. Mitchell, department commander, U. S. W. V., stated that they would be present at the services.

Mrs. Johnson was a woman of fine patriotism, ever foremost in advancing the interests of the United Spanish War Veterans, which organization will likewise be represented at the funeral this afternoon. She is survived by her husband, Hiram Johnson, of the United States Naval Observatory.

At a meeting of Col. Theodore Roosevelt Garrison of the Army and Navy Union last night, Isaac Gauss was elected to membership, and Mrs. J. W. Mitchell, composed of Commanders Joyce and Dear, was appointed to present a wreath of flowers to Commander Hiram Johnson, 1314 Sixteenth street, as a reward for his services to the nation.

Col. W. L. Deam was unanimously selected to fill the vacancy.

WEALTHY WIDOWS HIS DUPES.

Chicagoan Said to Have Secured Fully \$100,000 by Fraud.

Chicago, Oct. 25.—Wealthy widows have been swindled out of more than \$100,000, the police say, by S. Rosenfield, who was arrested last night.

Rosenfield admitted getting large sums of money from women, the police say, but he denied that he had swindled them. According to the police, Rosenfield posed as a wealthy broker and real estate man, and had little difficulty in inducing persons of means to invest in his schemes. He had secured more than \$100,000 in a "book venture." The police were told that a woman in St. Louis instructed \$25,000 to Rosenfield less than three months ago.

WOMAN IN THE SADDLE.

"What do you think of the advanced style of feminine riding and the habit with the divided skirt?" I was asked the other day. Well, I do not care for them on the score of appearance, but there is much to be said in their favor. The side saddle is hard on a horse, is seldom safe, and keeps the body in an unnatural position. Still there have been women who know no other kind, and although they spent a good portion of each day on horseback, they were generally women of health, often times women of beauty, in face and form.

Some years ago the wife of a physician in a fashionable little Vermont resort started natives and visitors alike by appearing with her husband on a saddle named exactly like the one on his horse. On each side of the animal was the regulation seat skirt, and when she dismounted there were curious eyes to note the odd manner in which she connected the buttons on one side with the holes on the other, thus making a conventional skirt. Day after day the daring investigator of a new fashion of riding in the town was watched with unusual interest, and finally it was learned that the doctor was responsible for his wife's act.

That style of riding was the only kind he permitted after he thought he discovered that the cramped position on the side saddle was injuring her health. At all events she seemed to thrive on the new style, and that was enough for him. But as there is a thorn to every rose, so there was a disappointment in the results of the experiment; the woman's hips broadened perceptibly. It did not matter so much in her case, as nature had been rigidly in that direction, but it would never do for some women to adopt anything that would have such an effect. The fashion has come to stay, I think, because the comfort of the seat appeals most strongly to women who do not always find much of it in any of their pastimes.

There is really nothing shocking in the skirt. Last summer I met a camping party riding through the mountains of New Hampshire, and all the women were astride the backs of their horses, and there were no skirts to preserve a semblance of propriety, but rather a frank display of shapely limbs clothed in bloomers. There was nothing shocking in that sight, either—the whole party bore the stamp of wealth and refinement, combined with an unusual amount of sense, and the procession seemed in harmony with the place.

Such unconventional dress would not do for the city, of course, and certainly would not be worn by the women I saw in that party. But the easy fashion in which they rode over those dangerous roads gave me the impression that the firm seat was the result of long practice, in divided skirts, presumably. Riding is the best of exercises, and some women have been content to cling to the fashion of their mother's day. But if there has been found in it a menace to health and symmetry, I can see reform looming up in the near future. We are ruled by the medical profession, you know.

Habit accustoms us to many things. We were shocked at first by the wheeling skirt, which came modestly to the ankles, but later when it was declared that safety demanded still more of an abbreviation we accepted it without a protest. Street dresses have been dreadfully short in the past two years, but who wants them lengthened? Nobody who has tasted the absolute comfort of them. We will soon regard the new habit with similar complacency. BETTY BRADEEN.

DAILY FASHION HINT.



Dress Sets, They Call Them.

That accessories make the costume there is little doubt. No matter what the gown may be, it needs the proper accessories to set it off and add, as it were, the finishing touches, none of which accomplish this end so effectively as those smart "dress sets" comprised of scarf and muff which all the smart shops are now displaying. These come in cotton, ostrich, and marabou, the latter being softer and fluffier. Those with the ostrich are priced somewhat higher than the coq, but the effect well repays the expenditure, and they are not in the least perishable as one might imagine. That of the picture shows a broad scarf of white marabou some two and a half yards in length marked here and there with little tufts of brown feathers, and the square pillow muff with its lining of white satin and interlining of princess haircloth to give the necessary body with added weight, is likewise marked with the brown. The hat which is worn with this set and costume of a champagne voile elaborately encrusted with lace and hand embroidered, is a jaunty high crown, narrow brim affair of rich brown felt in that soft pliable quality which characterizes the felt shapes of the season. There is a box-pleated ruche of brown velvet about the crown, and a huge bunch of brown coq feathers curling upward and downward is posed on the left brim more to the back. A high cache peigne in the back lifts the hat off the head at this point and tilts it smartly forward, this trimmed with loops of brown velvet ribbon and two amber cabochons.

PRESIDENT'S FAVORITE DEAD.

"Uncle Amos" Stage Coach Driver at Oyster Bay, Passes Away.

Oyster Bay, L. I., Oct. 25.—Amos Rosevelt, "Uncle Amos" to President Roosevelt and all the old-timers here, died to-day. He was upward of eighty years of age, and for the greater part of his life he drove a stage. He carried the mails for many years before the advent of railroads, and he was a favorite of President Roosevelt when the President was a boy and Uncle Amos a sturdy man.

In later years Uncle Amos never failed when able to attend Christ Church when he knew the President would be there, and he always received a greeting, usually a handshake, from the President. When President Roosevelt went back to Washington this fall Uncle Amos was much cast down because he could not be at the depot to see the departure.

S. M. COHEN DIES SUDDENLY.

Millionaire New York Merchant Expires of Heart Disease.

New York, Oct. 25.—S. M. Cohen, one of the oldest importers of silks in the city, and a very wealthy man, died suddenly this afternoon at Roosevelt Hospital. Mr. Cohen, who is eighty-two years old, left his home at 35 West Forty-fifth street, to go to Harlem. He boarded a Sixth avenue elevated train, and a few minutes later was stricken, the doctors think, with heart disease.

He collapsed, and was taken from the train and carried into the hospital.

Mr. Cohen, besides being in the silk importing business, had a large wholesale clothing business.

One son was in business with him, while another son, is a member of the banking firm of J. W. Seligman & Co. It is believed Mr. Cohen left a fortune estimated at several million dollars.

Troy Republican Is Dead.

Troy, N. Y., Oct. 25.—George DeForest, an assistant to Postmaster Leggett in the local post-office and a well-known Republican, died at his home here to-night.

Thomas F. Gleason Drops Dead.

Savannah, Ga., Oct. 25.—Thomas F. Gleason, former commander of the Georgia Department, Grand Army of the Republic, dropped dead at his home here to-day. He was on the staff of several commanders-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. He was a native of Albany, N. Y.

Colonial Bazaar to Close.

Closing exercises of the colonial bazaar now being held at John Wesley A. M. E. Zion Church will occur to-night. A debate has been arranged upon the question: "Resolved, That it is public sentiment and not the letter and spirit of the Federal Constitution that has kept and is now keeping the President of the United States from calling upon Congress to see that all the Federal rights of all the citizens are secured without discrimination."

A jury of twelve has been selected. They are Charles R. Chiles, John Henry Foster, I. N. Cabanis, D. B. Anderson, W. E. L. Sanford, Charles Daniels, H. Laster, J. C. Overton, R. Ross Burt, Capt. William P. Stitt, Capt. W. C. Gray, Mr. Stewart and James E. Kent.

Mrs. Le Roy King Seriously Ill.

Newport, R. I., Oct. 25.—Mrs. Le Roy King is seriously ill from a stroke of apoplexy to-night, according to the attending physician. Mrs. King is a daughter of the late Frederick Rhineland, of New York, and a sister of the wife of Dr. William C. Rives of Washington.

Vacant Rooms

are quickly rented to desirable tenants by advertising them in The Herald. Only 1 cent a word for advertisements under the head of rooms for rent. Phone Main 339.

HEARD AT THE COSMOS CLUB.

Much of the clever talk that enlivens the Washington clubs is misad by women unless the latter are blessed with husbands who, like phonograph records, may be set going at home. Such husbands are rare, but occasionally something interesting does filter to a woman's knowledge through a man's unwary utterance.

Over at the Cosmos Club a discussion of talent was under way, and an out-of-town member, who is a close friend of the French composer Saint-Saens—whose serious illness deprives the Boston Symphony Orchestra of its chief attraction at its first concert, contributed the following:

"It is a curious thing how great a part the excitement of the auditory nerve plays in the work of composers and writers. Over in Paris, for instance, a hub-bub and a tumult seem to produce the physical conditions best calculated to set going a man's hobby of genius. Take Saint-Saens, as an example. I have spent hours in his company in the quiet of a crowd, and found him absorbed and happy. The greater the noise and the more confusing, to me, the tumult of sound, the deeper was his satisfaction. For a long time I could not understand it, or why he led me by choice to the thickly congested districts of Paris, and the crowded resorts of revellers. Finally he confessed that it was part of a Frenchman's character that, having acquired the love of noisy Paris, the indescribable Babel acted as a whip lash to his faculties and his fancies. As a brain stimulant, there is nothing like a pandemonium of sound for Saint-Saens, and he told me that in the noise of a multitude he found the motifs of his best opera. When I expressed surprise, Saint-Saens quoted Verlaine, as another who found rich inspiration in the babble of Paris. This poet habitually visited the crowded cafes of the Bohemian quarter when in a mood for composition. Odd, wasn't it?"

"The theory interested me extremely, and I began to look around for further evidence of noise-invoked talent. I discovered that Stuart Mill regarded music as an inspiring motive for his philosophies. His sister was accustomed to play upon a piano in an adjoining room, and as she was in no way a noteworthy performer, music hall ballads of the lightest order were the melodies that inspired the philosopher's subtleties. This sister used to get tired and her musical repertoire was easily exhausted, but if she ventured to let up on the keys, while a tempo was being evolved in the next room, her brother would roar out, 'Go on, go on! For Heaven's sake, don't stop!'"

"Then, there was old Darwin, who clung to his fiddle, and squeaked up and down the strings while he fastened the practical trails to our ancestors. "While I was deep in the discovery of such irrationalities, I dropped in upon Carolus Duran in his studio one day. He was mooning at his big grand piano and did not rise, but began at once to tell me in detached sentences about a new picture he was outlining. I said, 'Why don't you get to work sketching it?' And he replied: 'Bless your soul, old man; it is just what I am doing. I couldn't paint a picture without playing it out on the piano first!'"

"You fellows learned in your histories that Napoleon declared the noise of cannon cleared his brain, and gave him wit, penetration, and even gaiety. I doubt if you ever happened to hear, though, that Theophile Gautier considered the cat-wailing of felines so enchanting that he kept always, from ten to twelve cats to facilitate his writing."

"Now the thing I have noticed myself, is that cerebral circulation is produced frequently by the local excitement of ceremony of the foot. I have watched different writers at work. One scratches his head, another pulls at his mustache, another bites at his lips or rubs his nose. The excitement of the mastication nerve enters into literary composition, also. Cooper used to eat little honey cakes inordinate quantities while he wrote. Louise Alcott nibbled apples when the writing mood was on, and ten ordinary men out of twelve will gnaw their finger nails and their penholders when they write a letter to a restless editor."

"What is your own pet incentive to composition, somebody asked, after a round of sherry and egg. "Oh, I leave that for you fellows to find out," laughed the out-of-town lion, "but I am like the President in one respect. I want a bunch of fragrant flowers on my desk when I write."

Michigan Club Entertains.

The Michigan Social Club met at the Pythian Temple Saturday evening. After a brief business session, during which the president announced that at the next meeting Mr. Rounds, the conductor of the Ladies' Band of New York, would be present with his company and furnish the entertainment for the evening, the meeting was turned over to Miss L. Radz, chairman of the entertainment committee. A piano selection by Mrs. Murphy was followed by two pleasing recitations by Miss McFadden, who read a humorous reading by Mr. Bisbee. About seventy people were present, including Mr. and Mrs. John Weiden, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Bisbee, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wolcott, Mr. and Mrs. G. Torrey, Mr. and Mrs. W. Sturges, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Eldredge, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Lacey, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Seeley, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Dyer, Mr. and Mrs. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Agnew, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Brockway, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Murphy, Miss L. Radz, Miss Mabel Bisbee, Miss Spethman, Miss Davis, Miss Hanson, Miss McFadden, Miss Dalziel, Miss White, the Misses Swisher, Miss Knaut, and Miss Mosher; Dr. Sherman, Mr. J. P. Wilson, Mr. William Agnew, Mr. Rounds, Mr. Swisher, and Mr. Newbman.

Rubbing It In.

He-Why did you keep humping all through the play on that woman who keeps drumming the same tune over and over in your apartment house? Why didn't you forget it and enjoy the performance? She-I didn't want to. The woman I was talking about sat right in front and heard everything I said.

Royal Arcanum Secretary Dies.

Wellesley, Mass., Oct. 25.—William O. Robinson, supreme secretary of the Royal Arcanum, died at his home here last night of pneumonia. He was born in 1841, in Royal Oak, Md.

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Closing exercises of the colonial bazaar now being held at John Wesley A. M. E. Zion Church will occur to-night. A debate has been arranged upon the question: "Resolved, That it is public sentiment and not the letter and spirit of the Federal Constitution that has kept and is now keeping the President of the United States from calling upon Congress to see that all the Federal rights of all the citizens are secured without discrimination."

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Leaf Blank Books Made to Order By The Bookbinder, 420-22 11th St. Phone M. 1330.

BAN ON SUNDAY FUNERALS.

Utica Ministers Say They Do Enough on that Day.

Utica, N. Y., Oct. 23.—The Utica Ministers' Association, at a meeting to-day, put the ban on Sunday funerals by adopting the following resolution by a practically unanimous vote:

Whereas, Sunday funerals require much work on the Lord's Day on the part of men at the ceremonies and the livermen, and claim a large part of the day that should be their own for other uses, and also tax the strength of clergymen on a day already fully occupied with regular services;

Resolved, First, that we hereby, as an association of ministers, express our disapproval of holding funerals on Sunday on all ordinary occasions. Second, declare our judgment to be that, when it seems necessary that a funeral should be held on Sunday, it should be private, not a church service.

PEACE IN CHURCH CIRCLES.

Men Charged with Threatening Pastor Are Released.

The dove of peace at last hovers over Shiloh Baptist Church. Charles E. Richie, Edward Odon, and Charles Daniels, all colored, were dismissed yesterday on charges of making threats, which were the outcome of a meeting held last Friday night.

It was intimated in the testimony that the defendants declared the Rev. J. A. Taylor would be killed if he attempted to preach last Sunday, as the congregation had voted he should do.

The defendants denied the charge. The evidence introduced by the defense was that the Rev. Mr. Taylor was on hand in the flesh and had preached Sunday, as per programme. This argument, evidently looked sound to the court, who dismissed the charge.

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EXCURSIONS.

Norfolk & Washington Steamboat Company

Every day in the year from foot of 7th st. to Fort Monroe, Norfolk, Newport News, and other points. "What is your incentive to composition," somebody asked, after a round of sherry and egg. "Oh, I leave that for you fellows to find out," laughed the out-of-town lion, "but I am like the President in one respect. I want a bunch of fragrant flowers on my desk when I write."

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To Mount Vernon

STEAMER CHARLES MACALESTER. Daily, 10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m. (Sundays excepted).

To Kensington.

This trolley ride passes finest scenery near Washington. CARS HALF PRICE FROM CHESAPEAKE.

GREAT FALLS OF THE POTOMAC

Great Falls and Old Dominion Railroad. 3TH AND M STS. NW. Transfers both ways with Capital Traction Company.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.</